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Awkward.

And so she's engaged to be married
To one of our class! I'm afraid
That if very much longer she tarried
Her degree would be O. M.—Old Maid.
"I know her?" Oh, yes, or I thought so;
But I'm more than inclined to believe
I was wrong. I'm the fellow she sought so,
But couldn't deceive.

"Your surprise?" I imagined you would be;
It's a thing I say little about;
'Twas as open a case as well could be—
"Did she love me?" There wasn't a doubt.
Why, she just threw herself at my head, Bill!
But I knew she'd no heart and less brains;
And though money will settle a bread bill,
It won't wash off stains.

"You're astonished at this?" My dear fellow,
What the deuce did I care for her age?
I like women like apples—when mellow.
But the fact was, I knew every page
Of her history. "Flirted?" You'd think so.
There was Harry McKewen, sixty-three;
It was she that drove him to the drink so;
"Am I sure?" As can be.

She's a scheming coquette, and I know it;
She hasn't the least bit of a soul
Or an atom of truth. "Doesn't show it?"
No; her feelings are under control.
Then it's nonsense to say she has beauty.
I pity the fellow she's caught.
It must be a matter of duty
With him, or he's bought.

Who the deuce can it be? There's Fred Baker;
You remember him?—scored for the Nine;
But there isn't much fear that he'd take her;
He wants blue blood, and not a gold mine.
"Chicken Jones?" No, he's married. 'Twas funny.
How he ran a tie race with Jim Front
For the "class oracles," wasn't it? Money
He's got, and the gout.

"Fub!" Abbott was sweet on her. Sandy McGillum!—he must be the one;
By Jove, it's old "Sandy," the dandy!
Is it not he? I give up, then. I'm done.
Is that one of our class, are you sure,
That the vixen has seized for her prey?
Who's the fellow? let's have it! What! you are?
The dickens you say! —Scribner.

THE KIND TURKEY-MAN.

A Thanksgiving Story.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving.
The sun had gone down behind the hills of Greenville, leaving them cold and bare against the dull sky. The squirrels were safe and warm in their own little houses, cracking nuts for their Thanksgiving dinner. The trees waved their tall, bare branches in the bitter cold, but they knew that their roots were sheltered by the kind earth. The cold winter shouted a merry "good-evening" to everything, as he rushed over the frozen ground.

He raced over the bare hills; the squirrels drew closer together, and extended over their crowded storehouse; the trees bowed a stately good-night, as he whisked away; but he calmed down as he met a little figure on the frozen road, and gave her time to draw her faded cloak tighter over her blue hands, before he rushed on again.

A wagon was heard. "Rattle, rattle!" Even the hills were cold, the child thought, as she heard the loose spokes rattling in the wheels.
She stepped aside for the wagon to pass; the driver, a pleasant-looking man, stopped his horses, and asked her whether she was going.

"To the city," answered the child.
"To the city?" cried the man.
"Why, you will never get there, unless you are blown there, or I take you."
"Will you take me?" she asked, not eagerly, but like one accustomed to refusal.

His answer was to reach down his hand to help her up.
"Now," said he, as he put her under the heavy buffalo robe, "what's your name?"

"Mary—only Mary," she answered hastily.

"Mary," said the man, softly, more to himself than to the child, "I wish it hadn't been that."
"Why, there's lots of Marys," said the child.

"Yes, I know it," he said. "I had a little Mary last Thanksgiving. I—I don't like to see any one named Mary in trouble."

"I ain't crying," said the child, smiling, "because I'm in trouble, but 'cause I'm so cold. I ought to have trouble, Granny says."
"Ought to have trouble, hey?" said the man, stopping his horse, and drawing from under the buffalo robe a can of hot coffee. "That hasn't been off the stove more than five minutes," he said, as he filled a little tin cup and handed it to her. "Take that, and drink to your Granny!"

"It is very nice," she said, when she had drank it all. She did not say, "I have drunk nothing before to-day. Why should she, when there had been so many days like this in her short life?"
The man, replaced the can, pulled the robe up even with her chin, and told the horse to "get up" and "go along;" then he whistled awhile; then he said: "It is mighty cold. I hope it will keep so!"

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed the child; "cos it makes turkey cost so much, poor folks can't have any."
"Don't you care anything for me?" cried the man, pathetically; "here's my wagon full of turkeys."

"I didn't know you were a turkey-man," she said, gently.
"Yes, I am a turkey-man," and I

think even poor people can afford to buy a turkey once a year, if they are high. The turkey-men have been waiting a year for this day."

There was a twinkle in his eye she did not see; he looked down into the little pale face. "I am afraid you don't care for the turkey-men!" he said, soberly.

She hung down her head, started to say something, but stopped.

"Well, what is it?" he said, laughing.

"I do like you," she answered, earnestly; "but the poor people—I have known them always."

They rode on for a while in silence. The hot coffee had worked wonders; the blue little hands had stopped shaking, and the child smiled as she saw the city lights in the distance.

"Now you are a little more comfortable," said the turkey-man, "let us hear where you are going, and what your other name is."

"My name is only 'Mary,' and I am going to find my cousin."
"Nonsense!" he said, a little sharply. "Of course you have got a name."

"They call me 'Mary Kent,' but I hate it, and I won't have it!" she cried, passionately.

"Why did they call you that?" he asked, gently.

"Cause my father ran away, and left me in Granny Cole's house, when I was little. He pinned a paper on my dress, that said on it: 'Left to pay the rent.'"

The turkey-man whistled, and asked if Granny Cole were good to her.

"Pretty kind," said the child, wearily. "Anyway, she didn't spise me like Sally did."

"Who may Sally be?" asked the turkey-man.

"She is Granny Cole's daughter."

"Did Granny Cole send you alone to the city?" said he, watching her suspiciously.

"She told me the other day," said the child, mournfully, "if I ever come home and found her gone, to go to the city and find my cousin. Yesterday she sent me off with Sally, and when I came back Sally ran away from me, and I couldn't find Granny."

"Are you quite sure you can find your cousin?"

She looked up in his face, and laid her thin hand on his sleeve.

"I never saw my cousin," she said, calmly. "If Granny has run away from me, I haven't anybody I know."

"Why, then, did you come to the city?" said the turkey-man, wondering where he could leave her.

"I know the city best," she said; "Granny used to live there, till a week ago. It is so dark in the country, when you have to stay alone! There are the market-men—see how bright they are!"

It was the night before Thanksgiving, in the city as well as in the country; the markets shone as they always do the evening before the great feast. Never were gardens more green, never apples more red, or gobblers more plump.

The turkey man drove up and stopped.

"Here is as far as I can go, little one," he said, as he lifted her out and stood her safely in the bright light of the market.

She was a pretty child, but pale now, with blue lips and shaking hands.

"Poor little thing!" he muttered; "I wish they hadn't named her Mary; and he entered the market."

The market-men beamed on everybody. They rubbed their hands as customer after customer vanished with the cold form of some kind of fowl neatly covered, all but its feet, in brown paper.

It was growing late; the turkey-man had sold out; he waited only to get a hot supper before starting for home. He had been thinking entirely of dollars and cents; but as he walked out of the market he thought of his home, his wife waiting alone for him in the great white house, and his little Mary safe in God's home above—he had forgotten the homeless child left alone outside the market.

A heavy hand was laid on his arm. "Stand back a moment!" whispered a voice. He looked up, and saw a large policeman watching a child at a barrel of red apples.

It is his little fellow traveler!
"That's a sharp youngster!" half laughed the policeman, under his breath. "This sort of thing is going on here all the time. Nothing is safe for a moment."

The little blue hand was already on an apple. It faltered a moment, then grasped it tightly, then dropped it.

She hid her face in her hands. The turkey-man stepped up to her and touched her shoulder gently. She had not seen him; but, without looking up, the child knew who it was—it was the only friend she had.

"I couldn't do it! Oh, I couldn't!" she sobbed. "But I'm so hungry!" and she fell against the barrel.

The stars were shining cold and clear. The turkey-man's wife was looking out, and wishing the thermometer could go up, without the price of turkeys going down. "It is so cold for John riding from the city alone!" she said to herself. She opened the door, hoping to hear the wagon; but the cold wind sent her back to the blazing fire. She thought of a year ago, when she did not sit waiting alone. She imagined she heard the little voice, though it had been hushed nearly a year—how plainly she saw the sweet face, though it had been covered so long! She wiped the tears from her eyes as she heard the rattling wheels. John must not see her sad. She opened the door, holding the lamp high above her head.

The turkey-man came in, with something wrapped in the buffalo-robe; he laid it on the big dining-table. "Don't

say no!" he cried; "let us do something for Mary's sake, this Thanksgiving!"

"Are you crazy?" she exclaimed, as he uncovered the pale face.

"Wait till I tell you all," said the turkey-man.

When he had told his story, he said, earnestly: "How could I go to church to-morrow and thank God for His care of us, if I, with no little one to care for, had left this child alone in the great city?"

"You did right, John," said his wife; "you always do."

With these words, the woman—good, practical soul!—hastened to wash the little girl's face and hands. Then she warmed and comforted her, while the kind turkey-man went to take care of his horse.

"I remember this house," said the child, as she looked out of a large blanket before the bright fire. "I saw it one day with Granny Cole; I stopped and looked through the fence, and threw stones at the turkeys. I didn't know he was a kind man then. Granny hates rich men—I wonder where Granny is—I'm sorry I threw the stones—but they wasn't big." The little head fell lower and lower; the pale lids closed; the little hands grew quiet; but the little voice repeated in sleep: "I didn't know he was a kind man." —St. Nicholas.

South Western Courtship.

He sat one side the room in a big white oak rocking chair. She on the other side, in a little white oak rocking chair. A long-eared deerhound, snapping at flies, was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers. Both rocked incessantly, that is, the young people, not the dog and the basket. He sighs heavily and looks out the west window at a crape myrtle tree; she sighs heavily and looks out the east window—at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."

"Tis that, if we only had any to pick."

The rocking continues.
"What's your dog's name?"
"Coony."

Another sigh broken stillness.
"What is he good for?"
"What is he good for?" said he, abstractedly.

"Your dog, Coony."
"Fur ketchin' possums."
Silence of half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."
"Who looks like a deer dog?"
"Coony."

"He is; but he's kinder bellowed an' gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued, she took two stitches in her quilt. It was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was, made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilts, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern, with a "real putty name."

"Your ma raisin' many chickens?"
"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and, somehow, after awhile, the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair were jammed side by side.

"How many has your ma got?"
"How many what?"
"Chickens."

"Nigh on to a hundred."
By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible.

"The minks has cat all ours."
Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes:

"Makin' quilts?"
"Yes," she replies, brightening up. "I've just finished a 'Roverin' Eagle of Brazil,' a 'Sitting Sun,' and a 'Nasion's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Parany'?"

"No."
More silence; then he says:
"Do you love cabbage?"
"I do that."

Presently his hand is, accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it—at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then after a half hour spent in sighs, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:

"I see a great a-mind to bite you."
"What you great a-mind to bite me fur?"

"Kase you won't have me."
"Kase you ain't axed me."
"Well, now, I ax you."
"Then, now, I has you."

Then Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing.

The next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday, the following week. No cards.

Illegitimacy in Scotland.

Illegitimacy in Scotland has attained an extent that will surprise those who popularly contrast Continental profrugacy in such cities as Vienna and Paris with the Scotch Puritanism in the land of Knox. According to the last annual report of the Scotch registrar-general the number of illegitimate births during the past year was 11,077, or 9 1/2 per cent. of the total number—a number sufficiently large, though the percentage is the smallest recorded for ten years. Among the poorer and more ignorant classes in the rural districts the rate of illegitimacy rises to 11.4 per cent. The fact may in some measure be accounted for by the payment by the parish of a small allowance weekly to the mothers of these children for their support.

A gentleman who was asked what he thought of a lady who had appeared in that half-dress which is called full-dress, replied: "She was a very handsome woman—as far as I could see."

A CALIFORNIA SNOW STORM.

A Picture Drawn by Bret Harte in a Most Interesting Manner.

Bret Harte in his new novel in *Scribner's Monthly* paints a graphic picture of a California snow storm: Snow. Everywhere. As far as the eye could reach—fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak. Filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of the canyons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March, 1848, and still falling.

It has been snowing for ten days; snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp, spongy flakes, in thin, feathery plumes; snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple-black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it, it had so permeated, filled and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast awoke no sigh or complaint from the snow-packed, rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbrush; the overlaid branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete!

Nor could it be said that any outward sign of life or motion changed the fixed outlines of this stricken landscape. Above, there was no play of light and shadow, only the occasional deepening of storm or night. Below, no bird winged its flight across the white expanse, no beast haunted the confines of the black woods; whatever of brute nature might have once inhabited these solitudes had long since flown to the low lands. There was no track or imprint; whatever foot might have left its mark upon this waste, each succeeding snowfall obliterated all trace or record. Every morning the solitude was virgin and unbroken; a million tiny feet had stepped into the track and filed it up. And yet, in the center of this desolation, in the very stronghold of this grim fortress, there was the mark of human toil.

A Young Lawyer.

"Your cognomen, my son?" asked the Detroit court of a boy of eleven, who came out wiping his nose with as much vigor and rapidity as if he were being paid ten cents a wipe.

"He's dead!" sobbed the boy.

"You don't understand me—I mean your name."

"Bill."

"Bill what?"

"Bill Davison."

"Well, but I have heard a very bad report concerning you. I am told you broke a window and called a woman bad names. How is it?"

"I'll tell you, and I won't lie, nuther. I was goin' long Congress street and a woman axed me: 'Boy, will you bring in some coal?' And I said I would for twenty-five cents. And she said: 'You little lazy brat! you ought to be in the poorhouse.' And I said I was much obliged, and she set her dog on me. I never called her no names, and I broke the window a throwin' at the dog."

"Is Mrs. Skidmore here?" asked the court.

She wasn't, and after a look around the boy continued:

"Polks has no business to call boys names, nor set dogs on 'em."

"Have you been telling me the truth, boy?"

"Yes, I have. I'm willing to be struck dead as a herring if I've lied! Where's the woman? Why don't she come here and swear agin me! Here's where the dog bit me on the leg, and I'll face her any time!"

"William, you may go, but keep out of trouble hereafter. It's pretty hard for a free American citizen to run away from a skirmish, but you had better dodge around the corner than to get into a wrangle with a woman. Go in and find your hat, quit wiping your nose, go to bed early, and you'll some day be able to deliver an agricultural address before a county fair." —Free Press.

A Terrible Plot.

A case in Lincoln, Ont., illustrates the liability of courts and juries to cruel mistake. A few months since Mathias Konkile was found guilty of felonious assault upon a female child of ten years of age. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life. It now appears that there was a conspiracy to get rid of Konkile, in which his stepmother was the principal mover, her motive being to obtain possession of property. She took into her confidence the grandmother of the little girl, and a servant. These together arranged the plot against Konkile, the child being brutally maltreated to furnish evidence against an innocent man. At the trial Mrs. Konkile "posted" all the witnesses for the government. She, with her fellow conspirators, have been arrested, and the convict will be brought from prison to testify against them. The little girl has turned Queen's evidence, and her statements, which are very clear, leave no doubt of a malignant plot to put a troublesome heir out of the way.

Items of Interest.

Darling I am growing fat,
Adipose among my bones.
It is on account of that,
I now protest in earnest tones.
No more bring up the coal can I;
Neither can I chop up wood.
To do these duties please to try,
My gentle wife, pray be so good.

A smart thing—A mustard plaster.

Order of court—"Send one dozen jury, carefully packed."

Ohio proposes sending a youth of one hundred and sixteen summers to the Centennial.

Young women are advised to set good examples, because young men are always following them.

The height of a man is equal to the measure of his extended arms from tip to tip of finger.

That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time.

"Pull on this rope," wrote Mr. Winegardner, of Williamsport, Pa., "you will find me in the canal."

At Jacksonville, Fla., recently, five sharks were seen swimming after a boat in which a man had cut his foot.

The supreme court of Iowa has affirmed the constitutionality of the law providing that railroad companies shall be responsible for fires caused by sparks from their engines.

They tell of a man in Maine who kicked a can of nitro-glycerine out of his way. The story is a shocking one, as the story of the vain search for the scattered fragments of a human being always is.

A man nearly seventy years old, blind and infirm, has been sentenced to death for murder in Red River county, Ark. His crime was committed twenty-two years ago, but he was not until recently brought to trial.

The superintendent of the Passaic zinc mines, at Ogdensburg, N. J., a few days ago found a large garnet in the mine, for which he has been offered \$50. There have been several smaller ones found, valued at from \$10 to \$15 each.

To know how to keep a tidy house and well aired apartments; to know how to select the best kinds of food; to know how to prepare them in the best manner—these are first things, and every daughter should learn them before marriage.

Some time ago a little girl in Westfield, N. J., while playing dropped her mother's silver thimble into a chicken coop. Some days afterward two of the chickens were killed, and in the gizzard of one of them was found the lost thimble, finely polished but not injured.

In these days of labor-saving devices, lazy rustics will rejoice to know that a Vermont farmer has invented a churn which can be so adjusted to a wagon, that all a man has to do is to pick up his reins, drive a mile or so, and presto—the butter's made.

The supreme court of Wisconsin has recently decided that the whipping of a child by a public school teacher is an assault and battery, and that an offending teacher may be mulcted in damages as well as held answerable for violating the dignity of the law.

Warren Shailer, an old captain of Deep River, Conn., fell overboard in the sound, the other day, but, catching the rope, was towed along on his back under the vessel's bow for over a mile, when he was hauled up in safety, still smoking his pipe.

There is in the moral straits a current from right to wrong, but no reflux from wrong to right; for which destination we must hoist our sails and ply our oars incessantly, or night and the tempest will overtake us, and we will shriek out in vain from the billows, and irrecoverably sink.

A London detective has discovered a new crime among clever children. It consists in getting intoxicated, and consequently getting the clothes torn and the body wounded, and then accounting for the whole thing to credulous parents by laying abduction and maltreatment at the door of supposititious tramps and gypsies.

A Discouraged Editor.

A Colorado editor thus narrates: He was a sad-eyed, meek-faced man, and we suppose he merely wished to give us a news item; but when he commenced telling us about building a barn on his ranch 190x280 feet, seven stories high, and ornamented with bay windows, we thought it was time to check him, and so we commenced:

"Well, we must admit that that is a pretty large barn for this country; but back in the States our father built a barn 325x500 feet, nine stories high, and furnished with steam elevators, but—"

"Back in the States," interrupted our listener. "Why, that wasn't much of a barn for the States. I remember, now, that when I was quite young, my father built a chicken-coop 550 by 332 feet. I don't recollect how many stories it was high, but I know there was a cupola on it for the roosters."

"About how high was the cupola?" we asked.

"I don't remember the exact height now, mister," was the reply, "but I know it was so high that the fourteen upper tiers of roosters died from the effects of the light atmosphere the first night."

Then he looked up towards the ceiling and commenced humming "Silver threads among the gold," and we went out and sat down on the wood-pile, and wondered why somebody was always outstripping us in the race of life.

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M. A. Richardson & Co., Matthew Rowe, and the
Depot Master at Arlington Heights Station.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The call for a Republican caucus to nominate a candidate to represent the 6th Middlesex District in the next Legislature, brought out a crowd which filled Town Hall, last Wednesday evening. The meeting was called to order by Henry J. Wells, Esq., chairman of the town committee, and he was chosen to preside, Mr. R. W. Hopkins being selected as secretary. Mr. G. M. Morse moved that the choice of a candidate be by ballot; that the check-list be used; that the rules in regard to voting heretofore adopted be enforced; that a committee of three be appointed to superintend the voting. After this motion had passed, Mr. G. R. Dwyer thought there might be those present who would certainly be voters on election day, and were really Republicans, whose names were not on the voting list, and believed all such should be allowed to vote. Mr. John T. White moved that in such cases the party be requested to step one side until near the close of the voting, when their claims could be passed upon by the meeting. On the motion being put, Mr. N. C. Nash took the floor, and began a tirade against the Hon. Oliver Warner, the Republican party, and things generally. Being called to order, and the point sustained, he took his seat, and the chair declared the motion carried, and announced the names of Hodgdon, Homer and Swan, to superintend the voting. The discussion of the merits of the cause of one of the candidates was then resumed and very freely discussed. Mr. G. M. Morse was sure Mr. Warner was not a resident of this town,—had consulted high authority,—believed Mr. W. was a Republican, but was not eligible to the office of Representative. Mr. Wm. Stowe had a talk with a man in the cars, Wednesday morning, who was now in the hall, who said he was either going to vote for Mr. Warner or a Democrat, and wanted to know if that was Republicanism. Mr. John T. White explained Mr. Warner's position very fully, and asserted that Arlington was his home,—“the only place where he has a lodgment to call his own, or a trunk of clothing for his back.” Mr. Stowe thought there had been talk enough,—“let us vote and go home,” and Mr. James Durgin attempted to read an item from the Boston Journal, but Mr. White would not yield the floor, and finished his remarks. Mr. Durgin then read the paragraph, which related to Mr. Warner, and called his residence Northampton. Mr. Marcus Morton said he had seen the reporter who wrote the paragraph referred to, and that it was written under a misapprehension. He continued his remarks, and made a very vigorous and effective speech in favor of Mr. Warner, and in defense of Republicanism. He was followed by Mr. Morse, who by no means questioned the Republicanism of Mr. Warner; had always voted for him, and only opposed his nomination because he believed he was not eligible. Mr. Jas. Durgin renewed the motion to proceed to ballot, which was carried. Dr. Hodgdon and Mr. Homer being unable to serve as supervisors of the balloting, the chair appointed Messrs. J. W. Peirce and Andrew Wellington to fill the vacancies, and the balloting proceeded, with the following result:

Whole number of votes,	167
Necessary for a choice,	84
Hon. Oliver Warner,	104
William G. Peck,	63

While the balloting was going on, Mr. Morton read a communication which appeared in the last issue of the Advocate, and called for an explanation of the question contained in it, but effected no response. Mr. Alfred Norton, by request, also addressed the caucus, which was dissolved about nine o'clock. Previous to the adjournment the chairman announced the following names to serve as a rallying committee: George Y. Wellington, Alfred Hobbs, Martin O'Grady, John Nolan, Wilson W. Fay, A. D. Field, C. C. Sawyer, J. S. Plankham, James Durgin, H. J. Homer, J. W. Whitaker, Patrick Sheehan, Marcus Morton, J. W. Peirce, J. T. White, William H. Richardson, Geo. Baker, S. A. Fowle, Elma W. Richardson.

CAUCUS.—The Democrats of the 6th Middlesex District will hold a caucus in “Menotomy” Hall (Pattee's), Friday evening, Oct. 29th, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Representative.

POLICE COURT.—The unusual interest felt in the hearing in the case of John Fermoyle, charged with incendiarism, necessitated the opening of Town Hall, which was filled to its full seating capacity, last Thursday forenoon. Judge I. O. Carter was present at nine o'clock, but owing to “the laws delays” the hearing did not commence until nearly ten. Henry J. Wells, Esq., appeared for the government, and Thomas J. Gargan, Esq., of Boston, for the defence. The facts as brought out by the evidence are as follows: A few days after the Poor House and Cutter fires, two State detectives, James Pratt—known here as Charlie Smith, and Charles Freeman, alias Murphy, came to Arlington, and, until last Sunday evening, have been engaged in “running down” the supposed incendiary. The arrest of John Fermoyle, as the incendiary, took place last Sunday evening, about nine o'clock, as described below, and on Monday morning he was released on \$1,000 bail, to appear Thursday. Monday afternoon, Officer Blood, of the State force, came out and again arrested Fermoyle, on the charge of firing the Poor House barn, and both complaints were assigned to Thursday for a hearing. The detectives story in brief, as given in their testimony, is that they had known the prisoner some weeks, intimately, and had been watching him because they suspected him; they spent last Sunday in company with young Fermoyle, visiting the Spy Pond House, Arlington House and Thomas E. Rowe's saloon, drinking various kinds of liquors; that early in the evening they started down the railroad track, and Fermoyle left the detectives and lighted some matches close to the ice house. They (the detectives) immediately attempted to arrest him, and Pratt struck him a severe blow on the head, making quite a large scalp wound. Freeman was knocked down in the fracas, and Fermoyle escaped to Mr. Richardson's, near by, and afterwards went to Dr. Harris', and was having his head dressed, when he was arrested by Officer Hartwell, at the request of the detectives. After the testimony for the government were all in, Mr. Gargan moved for the discharge of the prisoner, a case not having been made against him, which motion was granted. Mr. Wade, of Boston, a State detective who was present, also withdrew the other charge,—setting fire to the Poor House barn—and the young man was released from custody.

The large audience were evidently in sympathy with the prisoner, and the “points” made by his counsel were frequently received with applause. When Judge Carter announced his decision, there were loud demonstrations of approval, and three rousing cheers were given by the crowd who gathered on the walk in front of the hall.

Evidently these detective officers have bungled fearfully, and the chances of discovering the Arlington “fire bug,” if we have one in our midst, are materially lessened. If they, in their testimony, stated their full case against the prisoner, their course throughout has been simply outrageous, and is deserving of severe punishment.

The case of Daniel De Arey, charged with assault and battery on Dennis Kelley, on the 18th inst., was settled this week, without a trial, by payment of costs of court.

MR. MURRAY.—In this week's Golden Rule, lectures the clergymen who run the Temperance Alliance, for bringing into their councils the clap-trap of the average politician. Clergymen meeting in council as citizens, and conducting their deliberations gravely and prayerfully, he thinks, would exert a powerful and needed influence on our current politics. “But clergymen who adopt the manner and style of the partisan, and whose excellence of management seems to be only in beating the average politician with his own weapons, exert no influence on the mass of their fellow citizens, and barely save themselves and their cause from public contempt.” Mr. Murray has the right idea; and it is singular that his brothers of the cloth whom he rebukes, cannot see their mistake as others see it.

FOUL WELLS.—The Selectmen are in receipt of a communication from the town physician, Dr. Harris, calling attention to the foulness of the water in the well connected with the premises on Dudley street, owned by Thomas Callahan, and occupied by the family of the late Theodore Deihl, and others. It receives the drainage of two sinks, privy, and hog pen, and it is not strange that sickness results from the use of it. Perhaps there are other wells in town which are fouled in a similar manner. Too much care cannot be exercised in this matter.

LOOK OUT.—Frequently, on election days, persons really eligible are debarred the privilege of voting, because their names are not on the voting list. Every voter in town should see to it that his name is on. The Selectmen have called the attention of voters to this matter, in the warrant for the town meeting, and we add this word of caution: If you are a voter, see for yourself that your name is on the voting list. It will take but a few minutes.

SEVERE STORM.—There passed over this section, Tuesday morning, between 2 and 3 o'clock, a very severe wind and rain storm. The wind blew a perfect gale, and the rain for a short time fell in torrents, and was accompanied by several peals of thunder which would have done credit to an August thunder storm. There were several very sharp flashes of lightning. No great damage was done, but the trees were stripped of their dead leaves, and limbs were broken off in numerous instances.

PLEASANT TIME.—Some forty or more of the members of Bethel Lodge, I. O. O. F., visited Woburn, last Monday evening, and dropped in on “Crystal Fount” lodge, of that place. After an evening pleasantly and profitably spent in the performance of the work, and a friendly exchange of views in regard to the order generally, the company sat down to an oyster supper, at the saloon of Mr. Nason. The visiting brothers arrived home about twelve o'clock.

THE CONCERT.—The Barnabee Concert Troupe, who are to give an entertainment before the Bethel Lodge course, next Monday evening, promises to be one of the best ever given in town. The programme, which has already been received and circulated, is varied, and calculated to bring out the best and strongest points of the artists who are to take part. Tickets for this entertainment, or for the balance of the course, can be had at the Post Office, or at the door, next Monday evening.

HARVEST SERVICE.—The lecture-room of the Universalist Church was filled to overflowing, last Sunday evening, to participate in the annual “harvest festival” of the Sunday School. The floral decorations of the room were really beautiful, and the entire exercises reflected great credit on the arrangers of the programme, which consisted of scripture reading and responses, solos, duets, choruses, etc., and recitations and declamations.

CONCERT.—The “Centennial Old Folks,” of Boston, announce a “greatest concert,” in the Town Hall, Arlington, next Wednesday evening. Many novel features will be introduced, and the entertainment will be well worthy of patronage. See advertisement in another column.

It is stated on apparently good authority that of every dollar collected to sustain the Fall River operatives during their recent strike, about fifty cents were consumed in the expenses incident to the collection and the expenditure.

CONCERT.—The famous Hyers Sisters' Concert Troupe gave a concert in the Town Hall, last Tuesday evening. The singing was as usual, above criticism, but the audience, we are sorry to say, was not what it should have been, in point of numbers.

PARADE.—The entire fire department was largely represented at the funeral of Mr. Theodore Deihl, a member of Highland Hose Company, which occurred, last Saturday. The firemen looked and marched well. The engineers rode in the procession.

THE DOWN STAIRS STORE.—At the close of a prosperous year in the basement of the Bank Building, the agent of the Boston Tea Store again salutes his friends and patrons, offering them unusual bargains, both as regards quality and price. Read his advertisement in another column.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The next rehearsal of the “Haymakers” will be held on Thursday evening next, in order to give the members of the chorus an opportunity to attend the Barnabee Concert on Monday evening.

LEASED. Menotomy Hall has been leased for a year to certain parties, to be used on Sundays for religious service after the Episcopal form of worship.

And now approaches that delightful season to the young and ardent when coal fires are started in the parlor, and the old folks grow sleepy at an early hour.

SOCIAL.—The Methodist Society had a pleasant gathering, last Thursday evening, in Pattee's old hall, their usual place of worship.

AN OLD FRIEND.—No. eighty-four of “Thomas' Old Farmer's Almanac,” for 1876, is received, and is as reliable and valuable as ever.

Sunset Cox always was a funny man. He says he looks confidently for another Democratic and Liberal triumph in Massachusetts on the 2d of Nov.

If you are a voter, be sure and see that your name is on the voting list.

Job Printing, of all kinds, neatly done at this office.

A Distinguished Patriot.

Mr. John Schouler, of Arlington, is the Democratic nominee for County Commissioner in Middlesex County. In his letter of acceptance he says:

“No one, I am sure, was more surprised than myself when told of my nomination. For this expression of confidence of my fellow-citizens I feel truly grateful, and I accept the nomination. I do it more willingly as the office is one that is not usually called a political one. In closing, let me say that anything I can do, whether in or out of office, to further secure economy and retrenchment in County, State and National affairs, shall be done, and all who advocate this cardinal principle now so essential to our country's prosperity, shall always and everywhere receive my hearty support.”

In commenting favorably upon this nomination, the Boston Post feelingly remarks:

In nominating Mr. John Schouler, of Arlington, for the Commissionership of Middlesex County, the Democrats and Liberals have made a selection that denotes the sincerity of the desire for reform which they lay so emphatically expressed. Mr. Schouler represents that large and growing portion of the Republican party which, finding its own organization hopelessly demoralized and corrupt, has come over to the Democrats who alone seem to be in earnest. His excellent letter accepting the nomination fully defines his position. He leaves nothing in doubt. He has cut loose forever from the entanglements of Republicanism which hamper even the most vigorous efforts in the direction of reform.”

To the superficial observer this nomination seems to have come from a spontaneous uprising on the part of the Democrats and Liberals to find a high-minded patriot to represent them, and the result of long and patient search. So far, so good.

Now for the facts of the case. Mr. John Schouler, of Arlington, was a member of the Republican County Convention, which was held at Lowell not long since. He took part in that convention, speaking twice at least; was run by his friends for County Commissioner, and received eight or ten votes. One delegate even avers that he voted for himself, but this we are charitable enough to believe was not so. He was not nominated, and another gentleman was. At the Republican Councillor Convention at Lowell, held in the same hall, he was named first on the Republican District Committee, with the ready sanction of his most ardent supporters, and never even hinted at a declination. In less than a week thereafter his friends carry his name to the Democratic Convention, and state that he would like the nomination. The Democrats expected to nominate Mr. Winn, of Burlington, an honest old Democrat, who has been in the Legislature frequently; but Mr. Schouler was put through, and finally got the coveted nomination for County Commissioner.

We have no fault to find with any gentleman who changes his political opinions. We admire independence of thought and action. We have not the slightest objection to Mr. Schouler personally, and do not desire to say a word against him as a man. But when we see him extolled under such circumstances as a patriotic reformer, we cannot refrain from calling the attention of the observant citizen to the other side of the picture. We know of a few similar cases in the State. To be sure there is the patriot Frank Sanborn, who demands a higher plane of political thought and action the farther he gets from the office of Secretary of the Board of State Charities; but he is a sort of nondescript in Massachusetts politics, and does not come within the rules which are applied to the general public.—Boston Globe.

[Correspondence.]

MR. EDITOR.—In your last issue you gave a brief account of a new movement of the industrious young mechanics of Boston and vicinity to obtain one or two hundred acres of land in the vicinity of the metropolis, on which they propose to erect two hundred or more houses, suited to their convenience and that of their young families.

We understand that they have visited several places for examination, and among them the land lying east of the reservoir in this town, and with this they are generally pleased, or such of the committee as have examined it.

We can say to these gentlemen that the land in question is of good quality, high and salubrious, and very fine in prospect, having the reservoir constantly in view. The railroad passes close by it, and when the horse cars runs to the foot of the Avenue to Arlington Heights, probably near in the future, the communication with Boston and the centre of the town will be perfect. Gas is handy by, to pipe the contemplated district, and when the town throws water to the summit of the Heights, as it must at no distant period, this new enterprise can rely on an abundance of water from the public works of the town, drawn from an elevation above the land in question.

We understand the leaders invite none to join but temperate and industrious young men, as they do not wish to start with dead timbers. A Savings Bank they propose to organize among their members. With this enterprise on its legs practically, and the Heights force

on the other side, both together will not fail of wealth and population, the west end of the town preponderating over the centre.

The world is not dead, nor is commerce and trade choked, only resting, but the general signs in the centre of trade are, that ere long every hand will be called for employment and reasonable pay.

ISONISH.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Quite a delegation of the citizens of this place, to the number of a dozen or more, last week, Friday evening, attended the meeting of the “Co-operative Town Association,” in Washington Hall, corner of Hanover and Blackstone streets, Boston, at which place the meeting is held every Friday evening. The association was very nearly unanimous in favor of the purchase north of this depot. Since the above meeting was held, the President, Vice-President and Secretary, together with several other members of the association, also a number of ladies have visited this place, and gone carefully over the site proposed for the new village, and nearly all have expressed themselves as highly pleased with the same, and as by far the best they have seen, especially the officers of the concern and the ladies.

We have no doubt as to the decision of the association in regard to settling on this site if the ladies are to have a voice in the matter, as they comprehend the beauty of scenery and nature at a glance, which often requires a life-time for their husbands to appreciate.

About 250 members have already joined the concern, and as soon as 50 more join, perhaps sooner, the location and purchase are to be made. We are informed by the President that thus far every member who has joined is an A. No. 1 man, and that none of a different stamp is wanted. Thus great care is exercised as regards the character of the inhabitants, as well as great economy is to be practiced in all the material interests of this new movement. We trust it will have all the success it so richly deserves. Should they come here, it is said they will add at least 200 tax payers to our town within two years.

The Rev. Mr. Gamett, of Cambridge, is to preach in Union Chapel, next Sabbath, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

Lexington Locals.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.—The delegates to the District Convention from Lexington, Burlington, Bedford and Carlisle, assembled in Town Hall, Bedford, last Wednesday evening. Hon. Charles Hudson was chosen to preside, but felt obliged to decline the honor, and Hon. B. T. Batcheller was selected. Mr. L. A. Saville filled the position of secretary. The committee on credentials reported thirty-eight delegates present. The claims and merits of the two principal candidates were freely discussed, after which the convention proceeded to take an informal ballot. There were 34 votes cast,—Webster Smith, Lexington, 18; Marcus B. Webber, 16. The formal ballot, which was then taken, resulted as follows:

Whole number of votes,	37
Webster Smith, Lexington,	19
M. B. Webber, Bedford,	18

On motion of Mr. O. J. Lane, of Bedford, the nomination was made unanimous, and the delegates pledged themselves to work for his election. The District Committee for the ensuing year is composed as follows:—L. A. Saville, Lexington; E. P. Marion, Burlington; E. S. Hutchings, Carlisle; L. W. Webber, Bedford.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—In response to the call of the Republican town committee there was a good attendance at the caucus, last Monday evening, to choose delegates to the Representative District Convention, at Bedford, last Wednesday evening. The meeting organized by choosing John J. Raynor, chairman, and L. G. Babcock, secretary. It was voted to use a marking list, and the meeting at once proceeded to select a candidate to be presented to the convention. The result was as follows:

Whole number of votes,	36
Webster Smith,	25
John P. Reed,	7
Scattering,	4

Mr. Smith thus being shown as the choice of the caucus, the eighteen delegates to which the town is entitled were instructed to use their united efforts to secure his nomination. Messrs. Frank E. Wetherell, C. M. Parker, George D. Harrington, were chosen Town Committee for the ensuing year, after which the meeting was dissolved.

RUNAWAY.—A horse, attached to a “dog-cart,” left standing in the hotel yard, took it into his head to run away, last Thursday afternoon. When he reached the other side of the street, he fell, and the cart was overturned. The team belonged to a traveling agent, and the body of the cart was filled with his wares, which were sadly mixed. He left the cart with Wood Brothers for repairs, and returned to Boston.

CENTENNIAL VOLUME.—The proceedings of the 19th of April have been published by the town, in a volume of 182 pages, royal 8vo. It can be had at cost, by the citizens of Lexington, by applying to Mr. Saville, Town Clerk, on and after Monday, Nov. 1st.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democratic Convention for the nomination of a candidate for the 6th Senatorial District, assembled in the Temperance Hall, at Woburn, last Monday evening. Mr. A. V. Lynde, of Melrose, was chosen president, and Mr. S. F. Trull, of Woburn, secretary. The committee on credentials reported eleven towns, represented by 65 delegates. Speeches were made by R. D. Blinn, of Lexington, J. W. Chandler, of Tewksbury, and William Winn, of Burlington, after which, on motion of Judge E. A. Upton, of Wakefield, Mr. A. E. Thompson, of Woburn, was nominated unanimously, by acclamation. A district committee of one from each town was chosen, after which the convention dissolved. Asa Cottrell, Esq., is the member for Lexington. It will be remembered that Mr. Thompson was the Democratic candidate for the same position last year.

SOCIAL.—It was a very pleasant party which assembled at the Unitarian Vestry and parlors, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, of this week. The supper was prepared in the usual good style, and all did justice to the repast. The evening was made quite entertaining with a short and varied programme, which included vocal music by Miss Hutchinson, Miss Damon and Miss Wentworth; instrumental music by Miss Wellington and Miss Bacon; readings by Miss Annie Reed, Rev. Henry Westcott and Mr. Frank E. Wetherell, and a charade, entitled “Matrimony.” The constitution of the society was read, and its provisions are calculated to add interest to the meeting during the winter. We are glad to learn that the membership is large, and the prospects very encouraging. Success go with all such attempts to promote sociability.

LECTURE.—Rev. Henry Westcott will deliver a lecture to young people, in the Unitarian Church, next Sunday evening, Oct. 31st, at 7 o'clock. Subject, “How shall I spend Sunday?” If the weather is stormy, the lecture will be postponed.

RETURNED.—Capt. A. M. Lunt arrived in town, last Wednesday evening, after an absence of about a year. His ship, the “Sea Witch,” arrived at New York, from Calcutta, last Monday.

OLD FOLKS.—Our Bedford neighbors enjoyed a pleasant evening, Thursday. An old folks' concert was given in the Town Hall, which was a complete success in every way.

Y. M. S. C.—The next regular meeting of the Young Men's Social Club will occur next Tuesday evening, in their rooms.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a special meeting held by the Highland Hose Co., No. 2, of Arlington, Oct. 22d, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas—It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, by the untimely hand of death, our esteemed brother-in-law, THEODORE DEIHL, and
Whereas—Our late brother, having proved himself to us by his many noble traits of kindness, and devotion to the interests of our company, therefore, be it
Resolved—That while we bow with humble submission to the Divine will of our Creator, we fully deplore our loss, since, by his demise, this Company has lost a true and good member; a wife a good husband; and his children a kind father.
Resolved—That we, his brothers, in this sad hour of affliction, do tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved widow and children.
Resolved—That the memory of our brother member, whose name can be obliterated by time, only consoling ourselves with the cheering hope that God in His mercy will reward him for his many virtues. Our earnest prayers are that his soul may rest in eternal peace. And be it further
Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the widow of our deceased brother member, and that they be also entered upon the records of the Company, and published in the Arlington Advocate.

W. M. GIBSON, } Committee
T. E. ROWE, }
G. A. ULLSTROM, } Resolutions.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine without.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Oct. 21st, by Rev. G. W. Cutler, Mr. James T. Freeman and Miss Caroline Gull, both of Woburn.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Oct. 28th, Anna E., daughter of Charles G. and Helen Hayes, aged 11 months, 21 days.

Special Notices.

Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank, NEW SAVINGS BANK BUILDING, Cor. Arlington Avenue and Pleasant St., up stairs.
Allows interest on deposits at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum, made up and added to the principal on the first Saturdays of January and July. The interest is added immediately to principal on all sums either above or below \$1,000. New deposits draw interest from the first Saturday of each month. Bank open Wednesday afternoons and Saturday afternoon and evening.

ALBERT WINN, President
ABEL E. PROCTOR, Treas.

TO LET.

POSSESSION GIVEN JANUARY 1st, 1876.

IN BELMONT, near Arlington line, the Wm. H. HILL FARM, containing 23 1/2 acres of land, 3 houses, large barn and shed. Said farm has been used for the past 20 years or more for raising early vegetables for market, and is now in a very good state of cultivation. Will be let for 3 years or more. Rent, \$200 per year. One house has been let for several years for \$150 per year. Inquire of
HENRY MOTT,
Arlington, Oct. 23, 1875.

THE BOSTON TEA STORE

NEW BANK BUILDING,
Arlington,

At the close of its first year salutes its patrons, and congratulates them and itself that the experiment of selling Groceries as low as the lowest BOSTON PRICES has been tried, and is a success. Notwithstanding our speedy ruin has been constantly predicted on the account of our low prices, we announce ourselves ready, like another Oliver Twist, for "MORE" of the same kind of ruin, and with our steadily increasing trade shall continue to sell LOWER than ever BEFORE. The comparatively cheap rent, compared with Boston rents, and the trifling cost of transportation, together with our facilities for buying at BOTTOM PRICES! enable us to compete with, and even under sell any Grocer in Boston.

Residents of Arlington and adjoining towns who have heretofore bought all their Groceries in Boston find it convenient and a saving of time and money to buy of us. It has been our constant endeavor for the past year, 1st, to select the best goods, and 2d, to sell them at the least possible margin of profit, especially so in regard to those two great staples—Tea and Flour. We do not pretend to own a rich plantation in China, where we grow our own Teas, nor do we lay claim to the equally absurd transparency that we are a company formed for importing and distributing Teas direct to the consumers. So many changes have been rung on that story by the numerous sham tea companies that no one at this day is deceived by it.

Our Teas are selected with judgment and discrimination by a gentleman who has had great experience in the business, and when our customers buy it they do not have to pay for labels on outraged nature in the form of cheap chromos, or for the expense of eight enormous horses standing idly at our doors all day, attached to a huge wagon loaded with saw-dust, enclosed in Tea mats. We challenge comparison of OUR TEAS, as to price and quality, with any in the country. Our prices range from 50 to 90 cents, from choice to fancy grades of all kinds of Teas. Our stock of FLOUR comprises the best grades of Michigan, St. Louis and fancy Minnesotas, which we are retailing for \$1.00 per barrel less than they can be bought any where else. Sugars at Refiners prices. The best standard Kerosene Oil for 15 cents per gallon.

Especially attention is given to the selection of fancy Vermont and New York Butter for families. Imported Pickles, Jellies, and Sauces and Canned Goods in variety. Also, Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Nuts in their season.

Malaga Grapes, 30 cents per lb. Strictly pure Candies, warranted from the best manufacturers, only 25 cents per lb., 5 lbs. for \$1.00.

We do not DEFY, we INVITE competition. COMPETITION IS THE LIFE OF trade. To amend the celebrated aspiration of a celebrated man.

LET US HAVE LIFE.

Goods delivered in Arlington, Lexington, Medford, Belmont, Cambridge and Somerville. Goods to the amount of \$10 delivered, by express, any where within 60 miles.

C. W. BASTINE,
AGENT.
Arlington, Oct. 28, 1875.

Centennial Old Folks of Boston
will give one GREAT CONCERT, in
TOWN HALL, ARLINGTON,
On Wednesday Evening, Nov. 3d, 1875.
Time: 8th, Father Ware,
who also conducts Mammouth Concert at Music
Hall, November 10th.
GRANDSIRE BALDWIN, ye Ancient,
although going on to 90 years and 7 months, will
play ye greete Fiddle, and also his won-
derful L.A. RICHIE S.O.D.O.
Mrs. Partington will be there and recite her
GREAT POEM.
Doors open at 7, commence at half past seven.
Ye price to enter in will be thirty-five cents.
Tickets for sale at the Post Office, and at the
door on the evening of the concert.

Course of Lectures, 1875-6.

FIRST CONCERT.

Barnabee Concert Troupe,

Monday Evening, Nov. 1st.
Tickets for sale at the Post Office. Price,
50 cents. TICKETS, with reserved seats, for the course,
\$2.50 and \$3.00, according to location.
Single Tickets, 50 cents.
For sale at the Post Office, and by the Com-
mittee. Doors open at 7.30.
Arlington, Sept. 29, 1875. 37-11

House Lot for Sale,
IN ARLINGTON.

THE eligible CORNER LOT, corner of Russell
street, containing 11,000 feet of land, will be
sold on reasonable terms.
JAMES BASTON.
Arlington, Oct. 27, 1875. 44-11

LOST.

DROPPED from my team, between the red-
denance of J. P. Squire and A. P. Wymann, on
Friday evening, October 22d, a

Blue Beaver Overcoat.
The finder will be suitably rewarded on leaving
the same at my residence.
DANIEL WYMAN.
Arlington, Oct. 26, 1875. 44-11

Situation Wanted.

A RESPECTABLE LADY wishes to do SEW-
ING in a good family, and would assist in
light house-work. Address by letter, "S. E.,"
Advocate office, Arlington, Mass. 44-11

H. B. MITCHELL,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Smoked & Salt Fish,

OF ALL KINDS.

Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, &c.

Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Goods delivered in any part of the town, FREE
OF CHARGE.
Orders for goods not on hand promptly
filled.

Office, in Lexington, near the Centre Depot.

C. T. WEST, Agent.

J. W. PEIRCE,



Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Coal, Wood, Hay, Grain,

CEMENT, LIME & PLASTER,

Has removed his office to the entrance of his
Coal Yard, on

MYSTIC STREET,

Corner of Arlington Avenue,

ARLINGTON, MASS. 7-11

Ladies', Gents' & Children's

UNDER

FLANNELS,

HOSIERY,

Gloves and Mittens,

ALL QUALITIES, AT THE

Very Lowest Boston Prices,

AT

F. BRYANT & CO.'S,

BANK BUILDING,

Arlington Avenue, cor. Pleasant Street,

Arlington, Mass.

GEO. H. HUTCHINSON,

Arlington

Arlington

Heights,

EXPRESS,

Office, No. 91 Kilby Street, Boston.

Order Boxes, 13 South Market and 84 Washing-
ton Streets.

All orders promptly attended to. 1-11

FOUND!

A SET OF

SWARTOUT & WHEDON'S

Patent Cement Stove Linings

THAT WILL FIT ANY STOVE.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish Stove
Linings to the citizens of Arlington at a price
that defies competition. All persons having stoves
needing repairs will advance their own interests
by using this Patent Cement Lining for the reason
that they are more durable, fitting any kind of
stove more perfectly than common lining. They
are also a better conductor of heat, saving one
quarter the expense of fuel, also very frequently
four times the price of other linings.

Feeling confident that we have the facilities for
repairing stoves and furnishing linings that can-
not fail to give entire satisfaction, we would most
respectfully solicit orders for the same, which may
be left at M. A. Richardson & Co.'s Store, or sent
by mail to

THEOBALD & KENNEY, Stoneham,
Sole Agents for Stoneham, Woburn, Woburn,
Medford, Winchester, Arlington and Melrose.
GEO. THEOBALD. S. A. KENNEY.
43-3 Stoneham, Mass.

"MENOTOMY HALL."

THIS above Hall has recently been fitted up
with all arrangements to accommodate

*Small Parties, Dramatic Entertain-
ments, Sociables, Literary Societies
and Political Meetings.*

It will be rented for the coming season at very
reasonable prices.

For particulars apply to the subscriber at the
Hall.

WM. H. PATTEE.

Arlington, Oct. 20, 1875. 43-2

For Sale or to Let.

THE Subscriber offers for sale or to let his two
story house, situated on Water street, Aring-
ton, within three minutes' walk of the Centre Depot.
It contains eight large and conveniently located
rooms, is in thorough repair, and is supplied with
good well and eastern water. Apply to our address
T. L. PEARSON,
P. O. Box 111. 43-11 Arlington, Mass.

W. A. LANE & CO.

Auctioneers & Real Estate Agents,

RESIDENCE, 10 BEDFORD, MASS.

OFFICES at C. A. Corey's Store, Bedford, and
O. Whittier & Saville's Store, Lexington Centre,
where all orders are left will be promptly at-
tended to. References many of the prominent
men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors,
they solicit the generous patronage that has been
given heretofore. 1-11

Carriage Notice!

THE undersigned hereby announces to the
citizens of Lexington and vicinity, that he
is prepared to furnish a team, with or without a
driver, to accommodate those who wish transpor-
tation to or from any part of the town, or R. R.
Depot, at any hour of the day or evening, at re-
asonable rates. Orders left at the house of C. T.
Worthley, or the Centre Depot, will be promptly
attended to. 1-11

HENRY A. WORTHLEY,

Lexington, May 6, 1875. 3-11

DR. S. T. HAWTHORNE,

Norris' Block, Lexington.

Special attention to the treatment of Hemors,
Impurities of the Blood, and Skin Diseases.

Office hours, 2 to 5, 7 to 9 o'clock, p. m.

43-11 In Boston, We treat by and Saturday after-
noons. 35-11

UPHAM BROS.,

DEALERS IN

Beef, Pork, Ham, Tripe,

LARD, BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE,

Vegetables, Fruit, &c.

POULTRY & GAME,

IN THEIR SEASON. Orders for any articles or

Poultry and Game

not in store, promptly furnished.

Arlington Ave., Arlington, Mass.

Goods delivered in Arlington and Belmont
free of expense.

E. E. UPHAM. 1-11 F. M. UPHAM.

L. C. TYLER & CO.

NEW

BOOT & SHOE STORE,

Where may be found a full line of

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,

CONSISTING OF

New York French Kid, French Kid Foxed, and
Fine Serge Button Boots.

Misses' and Children's Calf Foxed, Glove Calf,
and Goat Button Boots.

School Boots in all styles and varieties. Also, a
good assortment of

Gents' Fine Calf Boots,

Mens', Boys' and Youth's Kip Boots.

No 1 Rubber Boots and Shoes,

constantly on hand.

We most cordially invite the public to inspect

Goods and Prices.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

NEW BANK BUILDING,

Cor. Arlington Avenue and Pleasant St.,

Arlington, Mass. 1-11

CHROMOS HEADQUARTERS

FOR FOREIGN &

AMERICAN CHROMOS. Dealers, Agents, Trunk
and Box-makers, Newspaper Publishers and Tea
Stores, will find a complete supply. Our new and
brilliant specialties are unequalled. Our \$11
Mounted Chromos outsell anything in the market.
Twelve samples for \$1.00; and hundred for \$5.00.
Illustrated Catalogue free. J. LATHAM & CO.,
419 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. P. O. Box
9154. 42-45

\$5 to \$20 PER DAY. Agents wanted All
sexes, young and old, make more money at work
for us, in their own localities, during their spare
moments, or all the time, than at any thing else.
We offer employment that will pay handsomely
for every hour's work. Full particulars, terms,
&c., sent free. Send us your address at once.
Don't delay. Now is the time. Don't look for
work elsewhere, until you have learned
of what we offer. G. STINSON & CO., Portland,
Maine. 62-7

SEND 25 cents to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New

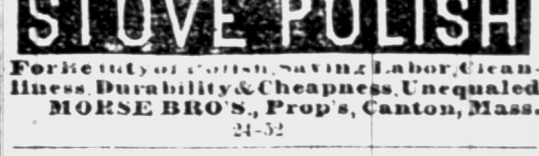
York, N. Y., for a list of 2,000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost

of advertising. 6-7

THE RISING SUN

STOVE POLISH

FOR THE ECONOMY OF LABOR, CLEAN-
LINESS, DURABILITY & CHEAPNESS. UNEQUALLED
MORSE BROS. & PROP'S, Canton, Mass.
24-32



ELLIS PATENT

Gas Burner, Regulator and Globe,

COMBINED.

THE size of the flame can be regulated with
the same ease as the Argand burner, cost-
ing but a trifle as compared with it, and in a large
saving of gas over any ordinary burner.

The adjustment of the globe is very simple, fur-
nishing a complete supply, and still increasing, rather
than diminishing the light.

They are now in use in Town Hall, Bank Block,
and in many of the stores and dwellings in town,
and give complete satisfaction.

FOR SALE AND PUT UP BY

R. W. SHATTUCK & CO.,

DEALERS IN

STOVES, HARDWARE,

Farming Tools, &c.

Arlington Avenue, - - Arlington, Mass.

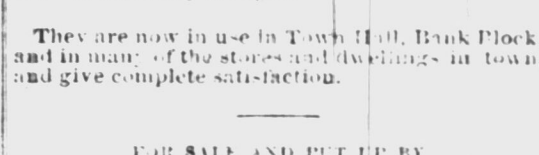
EMPIRE

WRINGER!

Price, \$8.00.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Kept constantly on hand and for sale at retail
only, by



EMPIRE WRINGER CO.

AUBURN, N.Y.

DEALERS IN

COOKING, PARLOR AND OFFICE STOVES,

Furnaces, Ranges, &c.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, TIN,

Glass, Britannia and Wooden Ware, &c.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

The "Empire" turns with half the labor of other
Wringers. Has more capacity. The bearings of
the rollers need no oiling. Its Cog-Wheels are
always in gear. 24-11

CHILSON'S

ENTIRELY NEW AND GREATLY IMPROVED

PORTABLE RANGE, 1875.

THE Sub-criber has been appointed Agent for
the

Cambridge Mutual Fire Insurance

COMPANY,

AND THE

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

of the City of New York,

and respectfully solicits a share of the patronage
of parties wanting insurance in these well-known
reliable Companies.

ABEL R. PROCTOR,

At the Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.

L. D. BRADLEY,

DEALER IN

FIRST-CLASS

GROCERIES

AND

EXTRA FLOUR & TEAS.

I sell none but first-class goods. 42-7

CHARLESTOWN STREET,

(Next door to Arlington House.)

Arlington, Mass. 7-11

Parlor Suits,

Lozenges, &c., RE-UPHOLSTERED,

at

OBERS' Furniture Store,

Arlington, Mass.

FIRE INSURANCE!

THE Sub-criber has been appointed Agent for

the

Cambridge Mutual Fire Insurance

COMPANY,

AND THE

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

of the City of New York,

and respectfully solicits a share of the patronage
of parties wanting insurance in these well-known
reliable Companies.

ABEL R. PROCTOR,

At the Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.

BARGAINS,

AT

PRIVATE SALE.

DESIRED to dispose of the following articles,
1 offer, at great bargains, -

1 Parlor set, 6 pieces, in modern style, upholstered
in the best manner.

1 Sitting Room set, 6 pieces.

1 French Plate Mirror.

1 Walnut Extension Table, Hat Tree, Stands, and
numerous other articles.

ARTHUR POLAND.

The above can be seen at the residence of Mr.
Benj. Poland, on Pleasant street. 40-11

THE PRESENT HARD TIMES

are the very best times for a
man with a little money to make
a good thing. Everything is
cheaper, and now is the time to
invest. A little money expend-
ed in printer's ink will be sure
to produce great results. JOB
PRINTING is a specialty at this
office, and we can give our cus-
tomers good work at low prices,
and on short notice. If you
have a stock of goods and want
to move it, let the people know
where they can make a good
bargain.

FOR SALE.

BUILDING LOT, containing 5,250 square feet,
on York street, in the rear of the residence
of Geo. D. Tuttle, Arlington Avenue. Enquire of
R. W. SHATTUCK, or J. W. PEIRCE.
June 5, 1875. 33-11

ARLINGTON AND LEXINGTON, ATTENTION.



IN FULL ASSORTMENT.

Hot Bread every day at 4 p. m. Fresh Morning Bread. Hot Brown

Bread every Sunday morning.

Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass. 1-11

Arlington Cash Store!

